UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXIX | CHICAGO, MARCH 31, 1892 | NUMBER 5

UNITY
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.
ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR,
CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
RICHARD BARTRAM, ELLEN T. LEONARD, J. VILA BLAKE, JOHN C. LEARNED, CHARLES F. DOLE, EMMA E. MAREAN, JOHN R. EFFINGER, R. HEBER NEWTON, EMIL G. HIRSCH, WILLIAM M. SALTER, FREDERICK L. HOSMER, MINOT J. SAVAGE, WILLIAM C. GANNETT, MARION D. SHUTTER, ALLEN W. GOULD, HENRY M. SIMMONS, JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

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$1.00 A YEAR, 10 WEEKS ON TRIAL FOR 10 CENTS.
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York.
Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Contents

EDITORIAL. PAGE.
- Notes 33
- The Pope's Scientific Institute . . . 34
- Spontaneity.—F. T. L. 34
- Men and Things 34

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.
- If Thou Couldst, can not We.—A. A. 35
- French Influence in Europe.—MARY E. BURT 35
- Parallel Lives.—JOHN W. CHADWICK. 35
- Death [illegible] NESS 35

CORRESPONDENCE.
- Let Us Go to Chicago.—JAMES DE NORMANDIE 35

CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.
- The Ethics of the Industrial Regime, Interpreted by the Laws of Human Development.—REV. C. F. BRADLEY 36

NOTES FROM THE FIELD 38
THE HOME 39
PUBLISHER'S NOTES 40

Editorial.

REV. A. H. GRANT, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., writes, "Please add my name to the list of those who request that the National Unitarian Conference be held in Chicago in 1893."

No reader of this number of UNITY should fail to give careful attention to the thoughtful and scholarly paper contributed to our pulpit department by Rev. C. F. Bradley. It is an eloquent exposition of the lights and shades of the evolutionary principle, at work in all stages of social progress, pursuing much the same methods everywhere, reaching somewhat higher results in each succeeding stage.

THERE is nothing inconsistent in the main proposition of modern Spiritualism and the most orthodox belief. It is therefore easy to understand how a writer in Colonel Bundy's paper defends his belief in the communication of disembodied spirits, by citing the stories of Samuel and Saul, Moses and Elias. He calls himself a Bible or Christian Spiritualist. If he accepts the literal interpretations of the Scriptural accounts referred to, it is easy to see how, being that type of Christian and Biblicist, he must perforce be a Spiritualist. We have often wondered that this line of reasoning has not appealed to all believers in orthodox Christianity. It is not, however, as easy to see how, in this day of advanced opinion and intelligent research, one can so unhesitatingly subscribe to this literal acceptance of the teachings of Exodus and the Book of Kings. It looks as though the "Christian Spiritualist" was as much given to fitting his facts to his theories as are many other orthodox believers.

AN item clipped from one of our exchanges, and ascribed to Tertullian, contains a very suggestive idea. It tells us that among the ancient heathen the teachers of Christianity were called, not Christini, the name so plainly derived from the supposed Messianic character of the mission of Jesus, but Chrestini, derived from chrestos, a word signifying sweetness and benignity of disposition. If this fact can be established it ought to be received as one of great significance by this age of earnest search for the religion of practical righteousness.

THE following distinction made by *The Interior* between religious controversy and discussion will commend itself to all who read: "Controversy is contradiction. Discussion is examination. The one is intellectual pugilism; the other is co-operative study. The purpose of the one is [illegible] the other, truth. The [illegible] two are immediately distinguishable from each other by the spirit they each manifest. Controversy is angered by opposing truth and seeks to minify or pervert it. Discussion gladly recognizes an opposing truth and reconstructs for its reception. Discussion is modest and never self-seeking. Controversy is loud and sometimes unscrupulous."

As will be seen in another column, the Woman's Western Conference has held another successful and inspiring Council at Moline, Ill. This is the third season of quickening it has arranged for during the year. This Conference may well come to its anniversary in May with colors flying over a most successful and busy year in its history. In addition to the Postoffice Mission work which has gone on unabated and increasing, and a successful financial exhibit, it has established this new feature, a nimble and portable Council, which, if we mistake not, is to become very popular and potent for good in the near future. We congratulate the Conference and the friends at Moline over this happy success, and urge the friends of our cause elsewhere to take heart and take hold.

A HEARTLESS reformer has been gathering damaging statistics concerning the great American institution of pie. He computes that there is an average daily consumption of this toothsome but maligned article to the extent of 2,250,000, at an accompanying cost of $164,000,000. Our man of facts has an imagination, as well as the power of mathematical research, which he uses to make mental pictures with; telling us that if these pies were piled on top of one another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. Here is an idea for a new kind of Eiffel structure, more patriotic in sentiment than any that has yet been conceived, which some enterprising Yankee should immediately begin working out for the World's Fair. If these same pies were laid in a straight line they would reach from New York to Boston. It might be added that if some of our modern cooks were to mix and roll out the pastry such a road-bed would have all the desirable qualities of hardness and durability. And such a line could have no more suitable terminus than the city of baked beans. Lastly, we are told, these pies would weigh 803,000 tons, but the senior editor of UNITY,—who knows nothing of the writing of this lax paragraph—and a few others of rigid ideas on the human diet, would say that this was nothing to the moral weight of the practice of pie-eating, as it certainly is little, compared with the physical weight sometimes sustained in the consumption of a single slice.

THE social problems of the minister form the subject of an article by Bishop Vincent in a late number of the *Independent*. There are three theories of the church and the ministry, he tells us. The *sacerdotal* puts the emphasis on outward forms and symbols, the *pietistic* on inward aims and experiences, the *practical* on the direct human relation the minister sustains to those about him. The last best fulfills the modern idea, and the demands it includes upon the time and powers of the preacher are [illegible] past compute. In his relation to the community at large he must be a social scientist and reformer, while not lessening his hold in a nearer friendly way upon those with whom he is more immediately connected. In his congregation "he must look from floor to gallery," says the bishop. He must be guided by the light, or darkness, of this world as well as that of the next: "It will not do to depend on supernatural illuminations. Prayer will not steer a ship. He must investigate, as one left alone by the heavenly powers to find his own way."

A CORRESPONDENT calls for the following answers, which may fall under the eyes of some other young men and women who have lives to invest in the work of liberating souls and preaching character. The Meadville Theological School is situated at Meadville, Pa. Pres. George L. Cary is assisted by three other resident professors and several non-resident professors. It is fairly equipped with library and working rooms. Students who show their aptitude for the work of the ministry are allowed a reasonable amount of help in the pursuit of their studies. The school is open to young men and women. The atmosphere is free. No doctrinal tests are imposed and the studies are pursued in the scientific spirit. If the Meadville School does not prove to be what the correspondent asks for, the only other liberal school to which Unitarians can look for their supply of ministers is the Cambridge Divinity School in connection with Harvard University, of which Prof. C. C. Everett is dean.

THE Boston *Transcript* tells a story of Phoebe Cary's hymn, "Nearer Home" which smacks a little of the sensational, yet is within the bounds of human probability. It is of a scene in a low gambling den in China, where two habitués, an old man and a younger one, were engaged in a game, the whole atmosphere of the place being foul with tobacco smoke and profanity. During one of the pauses of the game, the younger man began humming a tune, that belonged to this hymn, which he had learned when a boy in Sunday-school, and whose lessons he was so seriously violating now. The older man listened a few minutes, and then in some agitation asked his companion where he learned that tune. The other, whose action had been purely mechanical could not answer at first; but when he recognized it, conscience was aroused in both men. The older, who had been winning heavily, returned his ill-gotten gains, and the two left the place together, pledged to a new life in the future. It is said that Miss Cary was familiar with this story and found much pleasure in it, as she certainly had reason to, if it is authentic.

WE are not in sympathy with the criticism against President Eliot for the words of commendation and encouragement spoken of the small colony of Mormon students at Harvard in his recent address at Salt Lake City. Secretary Bolies of the college said in defense of President Eliot's remarks that they were both generous and timely, and only showed that increase of just sentiment towards an erring but by no means wholly depraved people, [illegible] to estimate them on some [illegible] a desire [illegible] other than religious grounds. President Eliot is to be thanked for placing himself on the side against prejudice and partisan feeling. Readers of UNITY will perhaps remember an article on this question from the pen of our co-worker, H. M. S., which appeared in our columns, a year ago and summoned us all to more careful consideration of this question.

THERE is a trouble at Yale over the instructions of Lieutenant Totten, professor of military science and tactics, who, it seems, has been in the habit of drawing some of his illustrations in the class-room from Scripture. It is the misfortune of the times that no one, not even that creature of rules and discipline, a military officer, can read the Bible without conceiving some notion of his own as to the nature and merit of its contents. It was not always so. Our distant ancestors knew how to read this book and not form any but the required opinions about it, but that time has gone by. Thus Lieutenant Totten in selecting examples from the pleasing pages of Joshua, or the prayers of David against his enemies, was not content with the citation of his text, but went out of his way to expound the same; most unnecessary conduct, on the part of a mere military teacher, especially when it is remembered that a whole collegeful of professors of divinity were within hailing distance. Therefore it was found necessary to admonish the lieutenant. He was not exactly forbidden to refer to the Bible at all, but was requested not to introduce his private views on the interpretation of prophecy into the class-room. Lieutenant Totten has published a series of works entitled, "Our Race Series," which it is said he has also been asked not to use in his professorial work, but the faculty defend their

action here on the ground of deficient scholarship. We understand it is the eccentricity of the lieutenant's expositions that have excited rebuke, and not their heretical tendency; but what is to become of the doctrines of the authorized teachers of religion if this is to be made a just cause of censure and removal from office.

AFFAIRS are not very peaceful in Europe, and important ministerial changes, the sign of popular unrest and criticism, abound on all sides. The situation in Germany is dramatic enough, with no chance of guessing the denouement to be revealed in the closing act. Emperor William at least understands the art of keeping his subjects' eyes continually fixed upon him. Few royal sovereigns know how to startle as well as he. France stands at the beginning of a new ministerial era, with all its attendant fears and hopes. In Norway, if we may trust the reports of the daily press, the conflict between the king and the radical party does not lighten, and there is little chance such conflicts will lighten, now-a-days. Spain is always in more or less trouble and deserves to be. With her, things must be worse before they are better. And England is the observed of all the world for the impending political changes it is thought must occur very soon. In all of these countries the real trouble is the same. It is the old but hopeful story of the revolt of the less fortunate against the exactions of the rich and prosperous; the upward strife of the spirit of man, sure to be wholly triumphant one day over the oppressions of kingcraft and priestcraft, the tyrannies of rank and capital, to reach a complete human brotherhood at last.

The Pope's Scientific Institute.

The following item is [illegible] going the rounds of our exchanges: "The Pope intends in his will to leave funds for the foundation in Rome of a grand, universal, scientific institute." At first, this sounds like a clever joke, a bit of mischievous humor set afloat by the fertile brain of some newspaper paragrapher. The deep antagonisms between the Roman Catholic church and the men of science have seemed so radical that war appears to be the normal relation between the two; but, on second thought, when we remember how often the church has been a suppliant at the feet of science, and still more, when we remember how it has served the cause of science by maintaining those educational institutions that have been the background of so many intellectual triumphs, and how it has inspired with patience and self-denying heroism many devotees of science, the thing does not seem so improbable. The dream may yet be realized, and the great universal scientific institute may yet come, not only from the church, but from the Church of Rome. This great persecutor of scientists has to-day more in common with science, perhaps, than any branch of Christendom that is committed to a creed as opposed to reason. There is more to gratify a thinker to-day in the mother church than in any of the creed-based denominations of Protestant Christendom; because these, as much as it, deny the claims of reason in matters of faith. These, more than it, pin the ultimate authority of religion to a manuscript, the original of which is lost, stake man's faith in God and hope for the future upon some supernatural revelation found in incoherent texts. The Catholic church more than any of the so-called Evangelical churches, has the advantage of far-reaching history and a race-including constituency. The Catholic church is as much nearer the Church Universal than the Presbyterian and its associates, as eighteen centuries are larger than two, as Europe is bigger than Scotland, as the wealth of the Latin tongue is richer than the English which draws from it. The Catholic church has at least subordinated the cold text to the human heart, the written word to the living voice, and it has some way intimately connected with it a dream of unity, larger than any of the little sects that look down upon it. Science has many uses for this church, and this church has great need of science. The man of science, more than the man of vows, must interpret the aspiring arches of the Gothic cathedral. The man of science, more than the priest, must teach the world to appreciate the art of Catholic Rome; he, more than the cardinals or bishops, will explain, if not justify, her sad mistakes.

We do not expect the Catholic Church ever to die. We are sure it will outlive many of its pert little children. In some noble fashion, it will outlive itself, lay aside its limitations, forget its Christianity in its universality; a universality which science will help teach, but which religion must ever glorify and inspire. We shall not live to see it; the twentieth century will not see it, but we believe that the twenty-fifth century will see that universal, scientific institute which Pope Leo is dreaming of, a church that will combine freedom of thought with concert of action, individual responsibility with co-operative enthusiasm, a church whose Bible will be illuminated by knowledge, and whose faith will rest on facts. There will be a truce between the church and science, but not until the church sanctions the methods, courts the support and joins in the quest of the scientist; and not until, on the other hand, the scientist recognizes in the yearnings of the human heart the [illegible] shy girl's sig[illegible] the widow's tears, the father's care, the trembling hopes of the aged, facts as solid, as real, as capable and deserving of study, to say the least, as those found in the quartz crystal, the fern's spore, the pine tree's cone, the spur on the chicken's leg, the maternal pouch on the body of the opossum, the troublesome and apparently useless tonsils in the human throat, and the pineal gland in the human skull. When science finds time to give as careful and scientific study to the former class of facts as it has already given to the latter class, then will awe and hope, reverence and devotion, hymn and prayer, psalm and anthem, assume as large a place in the scientific systems and philosophies as they now do in the practical experience and history of the human race.

Blessed church of the universal hope, based upon the sanctity of universal law! Happy the aspiring soul that climbs to excellence upon these familiar rounds in the ladder of common things! Who reads the gospel of life in the parables of nature, where things form the texts and lenses and solvents, are the commentators thereof.

Happily for us and for all lovers of the light, we need not wait the action of the venerable father at the Vatican. We may be mistaken as to what the twenty-fifth century will do for the Church of Rome. Enough for us to know that it is possible for us, here and now, to taste that religious fellowship which is not afraid of truth, to join that communion of souls in which Copernicus and Galileo, Bruno and Von Humboldt, Darwin and Spencer, as well as the elder line of sages and of seers, Zoroaster, Confucius, Moses, Mohammed, Socrates, Buddha and Jesus belong.

Already we may belong to a church of the sacred science, be devotees of the faith that reaches up to the science of holy living, the geometry of character and the algebra of love. This is the church UNITY is in training for, a church that has no power of exclusion, because its boundary line is inclusive of all that is human, all that is excellent in thought or purpose. No Christianity, Roman or other, can mark the boundary lines of that universal religion, which must be as broad as God's law, as deep as his love, high as his truth, profound as the mystery of being, confiding, tender and trusty as a sleeping child at its mother's breast.

Spontaneity.

"What perverse creatures we are!" said a friend who is considered a non-remonstrant, yet who is not an unintelligent stranger to the severities of life. "Just as soon as the way opens for us to do what we have been longing for, and we find ourselves *expected* to do it, we don't want to!"

She said it, though she knew it was not perversity.

The subtle life-force involved in our friend's outburst can not fail to meet with recognition. To call it perversity is to adopt instinctively, with Puritanic self-castigation, the Calvinistic mode of expression which is a remnant of our ancestors still retained in the blood. But the steady sub-consciousness that resists the implication, and proceeds to prove it false by earnestly accepting and working out for good such opportunities as life offers, is high evidence of a later religion evoked from science.

The quick assertion was the rebound of a long-repressed desire placed at last within the open door of opportunity. Clear-sighted enough to see the responsibility inevitable to realization, and human enough to know how indispensable to that realization is the element of force called spontaneity, her words were but a transparent covering for her effort to b[illegible] taneous urging of nature into obedient service to thoughtful determination,—resolve. Whether spontaneity or resolve were the real ruler is of little moment, if they were but able to keep an efficient and honest compact to the end.

Spontaneity scorns a harness, and takes the bits only from her true master, "I will." No "musts," "cans," nor "oughts" may mount her. Those explosive little tyrants that W. C. G. speaks of, can better rule when life lacks abundance, or when experience is complicated and internal. Their gentler comrade, and often wiser "may," is a more successful arbitrator with spontaneity, and deserves to be added to that efficient corps of monosyllabic instigators to action. For it is n't that we do not want to do what we ought, but that what we ought should sometimes be what we want. It would be sacrilege to so crowd the entire consciousness with stern "musts" and "oughts" as to leave no place for blessed "may." He is a grim God who grants no privilege, and it is but an untrustworthy workman to whom no privilege can be granted. We strike the Calvinistic keynote again. Yet the religion that claims one Sunday to every six week-days, is not more strict in this demand than is nature's call for one May to every eleven year-months. There *are* seasons in every human soul when the "musts" *should* rule, for it is just while these Decembers prevail within us, that the far-away buds of an unborn May are taking their beauty sleep for future bloom; that "the endeavoring virtue" is groping toward "compacted character." Blessed indeed be the "mays" of life! The "mays" that sweet May herself would choose, upspringing, out-growing in her own natural profusion of grace, color, beauty, and upon whose bounty the fullness of the year depends. One does not become an automaton so long as his inner "may" permits him to generate spontaneity, but with maturing life it generates more and more slowly and becomes a most precious possibility. Our highest task is to keep the inevitable reversions of its flow from turning into the gall of bitterness in the soul.

Without under-valuing the obedience that serves, we yet hold "spirit" so inestimably high that we want to do what we want to *because* we want to, *not* because tyrannized over by either circumstance or personality, and this is what "may" concedes. There is no concession in "must" nor "ought," nor is "spirit" fertile in explanation. But though the one can chain, the other can escape through unconscionably narrow passes, to prove its potency at last. So since "musts" and "oughts" need still abide, hallowed be each bounteous "may," for out of it are the issues of life.

E. T. L.

Men and Things.

MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THROPE, who wrote "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," is living in California, and is busy on a history of Oregon.

PROFESSOR A. S. HARDY has received a call to the West Point Military Academy. Professor Hardy is well known as a mathematician and also as the author of several interesting novels.

Prof. Geo. J. Romanes has arranged with The Open Court Publishing Co. to bring out the American edition of his latest work, "Darwin and After Darwin." It will be published simultaneously with the English edition.

IT will be of interest to those who have read "A Protestant Poor Friar," the life story of Travers Madge by G. Brooke Herford, to know that it was this strangely interesting and pathetic life which is the original from which Mrs. Humphry Ward drew the idea of Anorum "th[illegible] minister in [illegible]

THERE has been some discussion lately in the columns of UNITY about the degree of authority attaching to the ordaining service in the ministry. It may afford some enlightenment on this point to know that Mr. Spurgeon was never publicly consecrated to his work, but remained to the end of his preaching a lay minister.

BARON VON FELDER of Vienna has sold his famous collection of butterflies to Lord Rothschild of London for $25,000. The baron, who is now seventy-eight years of age, believed that he was too old to care for his collection properly. It is said that Lord Rothschild intends to leave his collection, now the finest in the world, to the British Museum when he dies.

REV. FLORENCE KOLLOCK writes to her Englewood congregation from Newnham College, Cambridge, England, that she is already settled for work, and is taking lectures in art, history and literature. Her journey was brightened at every step by remembrances from friends. Telegrams, flowers, letters and books were received as parting tokens in Chicago. They met her in New York, surprised her on the steamer, and welcomed her as she entered her room at the College Hall.

THE London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "The death of Dr. George Kingsley removes the last of a brilliant trio of brothers." Charles and Henry were well known in America by their writings. George was a talented medical man with an overruling inclination for adventure, which prevented him from settling down to his professional work. He had been everywhere, seen everything, known everyone, and was at home in every sort of society. He was the original of Tom Thurnall in his brother Charles' story, "Two Years Ago."

IT is becoming more and more a recognized fact that the greatest triumph in the way of high buildings in Chicago thus far, architecturally speaking, is the "Temple," the home and the work of the W. C. T. U., the last building to receive the accomplished touch of the lamented architect, J. W. Root. And now this beautiful temple is cast into an interesting Brittania model, silver plated, five inches high, with an internal capacity for a well of ink, out of which the faithful may draw inspiration. We have one on our table, a most suggestive fount from which to draw the black streams which should make white lives. Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, 149 Ashland boulevard, Chicago, has them for sale, at a cost of $2.25. The same form is arranged for a jewel case and a savings bank.

Contributed and Selected.

If Thou Couldst, Can Not We?

O Thou, who in that lonely garden hour
In anguish wrestled; we thy greatness see,
Thy victory over doubt, despair and death,
Thy brave acceptance of the cup of pain:
And, in our weakness, sorrow, pain, and loneliness,
Unshared by living human friend, we, too,
Would quiet courage find,
To do what we think right.
If thou couldst, can not we?

But no, they say that Thou wert God,
And hadst the power to all thy hopes fulfill,
Thy pain was but the sacrifice of Love to human need,
Thou couldst have passed it by, if such thy will.
While we, O Lord, are weak; our keenest grief,
The vainness of our toil for human need,
No sense of power omnipotent we know,
Our eyes are blinded, we no future see.
Thou couldst, O Lord, but helpless we.

If Thou hadst been a man,
With no Divine almightiness within
To turn the stones to bread,
To bid the waves "Be still,"
And yet, serene, had talked and walked
In all thy love for sinning men:
Then would our courage rise to blessed heights
And all our deepest love burst forth
To work thy righteous deeds.
For Thou didst, Lord, and so could we.

A. A.

French Influence in Europe.

[The following is an extract from a private letter sent from Athens, by Miss Burt, of the Chicago Board of Education, to a friend at UNITY office. Miss Burt is now on a hundred days' tour of Europe, in the course of which she hopes to find information and suggestions that will be of value in improving educational methods here.—ED.]

We have visited schools to-day. I don't believe very many Americans visit primary schools in Greece. The children are very pretty—as pretty as the Greek goddesses on the antique vases and on the various friezes. They all learn French. I am convinced that Chicago does well in teaching children German. If I ever had any doubts of the wisdom of German in the schools, my visit to Europe has dispelled it. (I never had any such doubt). In Europe "the trail of the French is over it all." It is worse than the trail of the upholsterer in America. Wherever you go it's French — French language, French goods, French shops, French waists, French manners and French everything. Here and there is a German oasis in the French Sahara. It is so in Athens. The brainy district is German. At the Waldsteins', at Mrs. Schliemanns', at the hotels, to some extent—you set foot on German territory and catch a breeze from Heidelberg.

I wish that the European schools all had the German language instead of the French. It is a happy thing that the Chicago children are being Germanized instead of Frenchified. The Germans have waists. They have lungs. They breathe. They think. They are big. The French wear corsets. They are small and black. They sit up all night and lie abed all day. Just think of a lot of little Greek goddesses poring over French grammars, and having their pretty feet cramped up into pointed shoes. There is a street called "The Street of the Shoes." That is not its Greek name, but that is what people call it. Each shop is full of shoes. All the shoes terminate in a little point. This is to give the effect of having a small foot. Oh! Jupiter! Just think of it! And statues of the goddesses with their lovely sandals and no end of room for toes—all about the streets.

We called to-day on the sister of the prime minister. She is a great woman. She makes me think of Martha Washington. She had the good taste to say that American girls had fine Greek figures. I told her she ought to see the young ladies at Col. Parker's Normal School on their graduating day. They dress in Greek dresses and look more like Nikès and Athenes than the young ladies in Athens. She said she had observed that the American girls had lovely figures and small hands and feet, that they were often fine Greek figures. She is a very cultured lady, speaking German, French and Greek with equal grace and ease. She seems to be regarded as her brother's right-hand man, doing a great deal of the work which he would otherwise leave undone. She is the second lady of the land, being next to the queen.

But to return to the Germanizing of American chlldren. France knows what she is about in excluding German from her public schools and insinuating her language into Italian, Greek, German, Egyptian and English schools. It means to make people able to trade with France and otherwise deal with France only. I visited the American mission school in Cairo, Egypt. They were at the French books. The captain of the "Veendam," the boat which brought us over, spoke with great pride of his little queen Clementina, of Holland, because she had insisted on having the German taken as the court language. I am glad she had the good sense. There is strength, depth, backbone to the German. It is the language of Odin, Wagner, Schiller, the language of a big, strong race. It means a great deal to think in the language of such a class of people. I have often heard people speak against German in the public schools as being un-American. It is a wrong idea I think. If France is to capture all Europe with her language it is a good thing that a "balance of power" is kept by allying America with Germany. Wherever I meet Germans, they are interested in America. The French are interested in themselves. I have always intended to write [illegible] article on this subject, of my regard for the German influence, but never got around to it.

Egypt interested us greatly, but Athens, in the golden sunset,—you ought never to rest till you see it.

Sincerely yours,
MARY E. BURT.

Parallel Lines.

DEAR UNITY:—Last week I stumbled over one of your editorial chairs and now one of them has fallen foul of me. As to being "caught napping" I can not say that it is "my custom always in the afternoon" as it was Hamlet's father's, but it is apt to be this season of the year. As to Watts's poem it was lodged in my memory when I was a boy but somehow it got away. Your editor expects too much of Watts. A poet who can make "too" rhyme with "so" could make a line end with a preposition "to" without its verb or anything else. As for the second nap, I have heard about that meeting of parallel lines from a polytechnic friend, and it seemed to me absurd. Parallel lines are lines that never meet but are equally far apart at every point. Anything to the contrary conveys no idea to my mind. But that may be because the gods did not make me mathematical, though my delight in geometry was immense. People who live in "Flatland" may appreciate space in four dimensions and parallel lines that ultimately meet; but I can not. Lines that can meet are not parallel.

My third nap reminds me of a young writer who read his play to Scribe, the French playwright, who went to sleep over it and damned it when he woke up. "But how can you have an opinion, when you were asleep?" said the young writer. "Sleep is an opinion," answered Scribe. I think just there, where "A. W. G." charges me with napping metaphysically he went to sleep himself over my speech; and, though I accept his sleep as an adverse opinion on my speech, I do not think he understood what I intended. Col. Ingersoll is so kindly that if I wished to ingratiate myself with him I would certainly rather say that God could n't help making the world cruel in spots than that he could help it and did n't. I'm sure that if he could he would and I find a world of comfort in the thought. But when I wrote, ringing a change on Martin Luther's words, "So help him God, he could no otherwise," my contention was that it was his being God, his essential nature, that made what we call evil possible and necessary in the world. For it is his essential nature to create, to manifest himself; and to do that he must pass out into finiteness, and that means imperfection, tragedy, and, in man's life of moral freedom, sin. I do not expect or hope that we shall ever reach a stage in which we shall see that the hard is not hard, that the tragical is not tragical. But we can already see that evil is everywhere the incident of greater good, or we can see this in so many cases that we can infer it for the rest. And we can already see that the hard and dreadful things of life have in them an energy, or beget in us an energy, that makes for all things that are lovely and of good report. We are members one of another. If we expect to have our individual balance of happiness at some time perfectly adjusted we may be very greatly disappointed. But the victory is already won if we can save our lives by losing them in the Infinite Whole.

"House and tenant go to ground;
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Death and Sleep.

(T[illegible] G[illegible]RMAN.)

Fraternally embracing each other, the angel of sleep and the death-angel wandered over the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down on a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy stillness pervaded the surroundings, and the evening bells in the distant hamlet were hushed. Calmly, and in silence, as their manner is, the two beneficent genii sat in cordial embrace, and the shades of night came on. Then the angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch and scattered the invisible slumber-seeds abroad in the air. The gentle evening zephyrs wafted them into the abodes of the tired peasants. Sleep gently encircled the dwellers in the rustic cottages, from the aged man with his staff to the infant in the cradle. The invalids forgot their pains, the sorrow-stricken ones their griefs, and the indigent their poverty. All eyes were closed. After accomplishing his work, the beneficent angel of sleep again seated himself by his deeply pensive brother.

"When the morning purple appears," said he, with innocent joy, "will men thank me as their friend and benefactor. O, it is blessed to do good, unseen and unknown! How fortunate are we, invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How pleasant is our calling!" Thus spoke the angel of sleep. The death angel regarded him in silent melancholy, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye.

"O," said he, "that I could, like thee, rejoice in the gladsome gratitude of humankind! Men call me their enemy and peace destroyer!"

"O, my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "at the great awakening of the good will they not recognize in thee also their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of *one* Father?"

So he spoke. Then the eyes of the death-angel brightened, and the brotherly genii tenderly embraced each other.

H[illegible]BERT E. JENNESS.

Brookline, Mass.

Correspondence.

Let Us Go to Chicago.

[The following letter, from an ex-chairman of the National Unitarian Conference, will be read with interest by our readers. Who speaks next from Boston?—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR: I noted with great interest, in UNITY of March 10th, the plan of having the next session of the National Conference meet at Chicago. If I can help to such a desirable end, do let me. Not to meet there will be the greatest mistake we have ever made, and to lose the greatest opportunity ever opened to us.

When chairman of the council the last time, I had to meet the most strenuous opposition and prophecies of utter failure, until almost the day before opening the conference, if we left Saratoga; but I was confident it was the best thing to go to Philadelphia. Only a few days since, a Unitarian from that city wrote to me, "We have not yet done talking about the good the National Conference did for our cause in all this neighborhood." I know how successful our meetings have been at Saratoga, and we have had good congregations of our own hearers. We have never had any meetings to compare with those in Philadelphia for numbers, and for a hearing beyond our own delegates. Chicago would give us a still wider chance. We could have some mass meetings on a large plan, and reach ears that perhaps never again would be open to us. It was my hope, and I know it was shared by a good [illegible] many, after the wonderful success at Philadelphia, that that was the beginning of a series of meetings at other great centers, and while not abandoning Saratoga forever, I am sure that Washington, and Chicago, San Francisco and New York, ought to have the Conference before Saratoga is seriously considered again; but for the next, it seems to me there can be only one wise thing for us to do—go to Chicago.

I am most truly yours,
JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Ethics of the Industrial Regime, Interpreted by the Laws of Human Development.

BY REV. C. F. BRADLEY, QUINCY, ILL.

"All is fair in war" is a familiar proverb. Its meaning is not uncertain. It means that in the state of war the moral code is of necessity suspended; that, your supreme object, the thing which you must accomplish, upon which the future of human welfare may depend, being to conquer and despoil your adversary at whatever hazard or sacrifice, all measures of whatever nature expedient thereto you must employ; you must lie, deceive your adversary, rob him, draw him into ambush and annihilate him, spare no amount of cruelty, bloodshed, to insure the success of your strategy.

A general who on the field of battle should lose victory in consequence of yielding to his humane sentiments or high moral scruples, would be court-marshaled and possibly shot.

War has ever been the foremost feature of human development, and the most perplexing problem which moralists have encountered. Immorality is exhibited conspicuously in its nature. Immoral are the causes which have led to every war that ever occurred. Immoral are the means which it must employ, immoral results it entails. It sets loose the worst passions of men. It drenches the earth not only with blood but with iniquities. It invests strong and unscrupulous leaders with the power to do immense harm. It enables the ambitious to rise to opulence and fame by the plunder of the weak and helpless, and by the blighted homes and lives of the many.

The moralists have felt the force of these terrible facts of war, and not since the day that Jesus uttered the lofty commandment, "Pray for your enemies," have they withheld from crying out against it as an atrocious crime.

Not by any means a vain sentiment is it which they voice. The best instincts of humanity are on their side. They speak for the ideal of manhood, for all that is purest and noblest in human hope. The glamour of military parade, the exulting strains of martial music, the fire of suddenly inflamed patriotism and the proud uprush of the fighting spirit in the breasts of the populace, exhilarate and intoxicate for the time being, and dull public sensibility to all the grim meaning of the shock and strife of battle; yet the sober second thought of men never fails to come, when the sufferings which it causes, the immoralities which it fosters, stand out in naked and forbidding distinctness. Sober and thoughtful people who find the peaceful employments of life heavy enough, and none too much friendship and sweetness in the world at best, never want war.

But notwithstanding the denunciations of moralists and the peace-loving instincts of the common people and full knowledge of its ravages and of its terrible evils, war has held nations steadily to its cruel business. Not for an hour has modern society been wholly exempt from either active warfare or preparation for it. Armies and navies are perpetually drilled and kept in readiness for the possible. Diplomats sign treaties of peace and orders for the mobilization of troops with the same pen. The Supreme Power that is over and beyond man seems to pay small heed to the moralists. Peace on earth is the ideal goal towards which human aspiration is making with never resting pace, but evidently humanity can not be much hurried on the road. History provokingly sets before the moralists some facts which greatly widen the outlook. Not one of your charges against war but is sadly true, yet they are the inevitable pains of the cruel work of making humanity wiser and better. Read history as God writes it, and all war has a beneficent issue and could not have been spared but at the price of human degenerations. The dismemberment of Poland broke up the debauch of anarchy which threatened the extinction of the Poles. The uplift of the Russian people was started by the Crimean war. Frederick the Great laid the foundation and Napoleon cleared the obstacles in the way of the German nation. The human brain takes not kindly to the heroism of ideas, less kindly to the heroism of conscience. Left to ease and self-complacency, it stagnates in an automatic life and expires of inanition. This is true of society, as of the individual. War is nature's mighty energy to goad the community to the heroism of new ideas and higher conscience and wider life. Somewhere and at some time in the grand march of social progress every battlefield is transformed into an enrichment of the human mind.

The problem is made reasonably intelligible by the science of evolution, and by no other key can a solution be found. Evolution amply justifies the contention of the moralists. Evolution says these men are right. They voice the deep law and purpose of human destiny. The ideal which they hold up of peace and good will, of justice and love, is the supreme and rational principle which creates and guides the process of development and is lifting mankind steadily onward to the goal of complete manhood. They are prophets and interpreters of the permanent and divine in humanity; nevertheless, says evolution, war is the only and indispensable instrument by which the ideal can be worked out.

The history of organic life makes this clear.

Long before the time of man this function of war existed. The ancient animal kingdom, ere man appeared, was dominated by two laws, the law of hunger and the law of self-defense. The vast and mighty development of animal intelligence from the primal protoplasm was effected by these two laws. These laws set up the struggle of existence. The necessity of hunger and the difficulty of obtaining food drove animals to prey upon animals. Danger and self-defense goaded them to resistance and to efforts of escape. It was a life-and-death struggle, stretching over millions of years; a long story, the whole of which can never be told, but the substance of which is, that out of it and by means of it the animal brain got its superb powers of intelligence. It developed animal courage or the indomitable animal will. By the incessant strain of self-defense the animal was constantly put to it to think out the most effective ways of escape, the result of which process is seen in its wonderful shrewdness, and ingenuity, and insight, and unmistakable reason. For their better protection, animals of a kind checked hostilities as between themselves and came to associate together. Their relations of mutual interdependence gave rise to animal affection, to animal morality, to the governmental and social instincts which organized them into a harmonious community.

In the struggle between species it was inevitable that the species must possess the amplest and securest resources of life which acquired the fullest complement of intellectuality in a given environment. In the pristine times an arboreal animal rose in this class. He appeared as the highest product of the discipline of ages of warfare, an organism promising a large and varied mental equipment and prosecuting a successful life among the trees, eating nuts and fruits and bird's eggs and possibly smaller animals, ingenious in constructing shelter for his comfort and protection, easily evading his adversaries by agility and cunning, with the family instinct strongly developed, with a high faculty of sociability and a language of signs and inarticulate sounds.

The laws of the struggle of existence, the efficient tools of the all-creating mind, operating in this arboreal species, increasing its activity and the hardihood of its powers, and augmenting its intellectuality, at length in the fullness of time evolved from itself a higher order of species; an animal that was capable of existing among the trees or on the ground, the human animal, with a more varied environment and more varied possibilities. This human animal started on his destiny endowed with a rich inheritance. The finest and fullest animal intellectuality which had been evolved by ages of warfare, he possessed; the ability to think, to reason, to judge, to calculate, the family and gregarious instincts, the family and gregarious affections, a sum of objective relations, and a language of signs and inarticulate sounds.

These gifts were still only on the level of the highest animal intellectuality, but his superiority over his arboreal ancestor lay in the fact that they were a fuller expression of the all-creating spirit of life, and were lodged in a roomier brain and a freer and ampler mechanism. By reason of the roomier brain and freer mechanism and more varied environment, the animal intellectuality which in the arboreal age had achieved the highest point it could reach by the limited animal mechanism, in man became capable of an indefinite expansion and ascent; the faculty of thinking and reasoning and judging, the faculty of love, the faculty of conscience, the faculty of language, which he inherited from his arboreal ancestor, were the germs of the high and powerful intellectuality which man has achieved.

The fact of significant moment, is that at the outset, at the point where man parted company with the lower animals, these faculties of his intellectuality were only germs. They were not developed. They did not give him what we should recognize as a human life. In his habits and in his destiny he was still, and for a long time a brute, yet a brute who, by reason of his ample intellectual equipment, was more than a match for the rest of the brute world. He dwelt in caves and in trees. He lived solely for the appetite of hunger. He had no articulate language. His mind was incapable of self-consciousness and of reflection and of ideas, as we understand these terms.

But these lay potentially in his inherited faculty. By reason of acquired expansibility, in that low human organism lay the seed of all the tremendous and illimitable achievements of human development, all philosophy and poetry and science, all material grandeur, all the huge machinery of society. The journey of human progress has simply been to bring out into fruitage the inexhaustible possibilities which intellectuality took on, when it passed from the restrictive sub-human to the roomier human brain.

Warfare has been the invariable and indispensable instrument by which the fruitage has been ripened. The struggle of existence followed man, and has taken on vaster proportions in the human world in virtue of the vaster possibilities of his intellectuality. Man has been a fighter from the first. He has had to fight for bread, for place, for opportunity. He has had to fight the hostility of the brute kingdom, the niggardliness and obduracy of nature, the passion and oppression of human selfishness. His low intelligence, his animal inheritance made him a fighter. At first it was for food, his only want. Hunger goaded him to rob his luckier neighbor of the fish he caught, which his neighbor stoutly defended, till one or other contestant was killed. The necessities of strife sharpened his cunning, his invention, his reason. He plotted and circumvented and devised ingenious arts to acquire food. With the growth of his intelligence by struggle, his necessities multiplied. Hunger expanded into ambition, into avarice, into love of ornament, of wealth. New incentives and opportunities for power were opened, and a widening of the field of warfare. Men discovered more things to fight for, and they made better weapons and fought more fiercely. The more they fought, the braver they got, and there came to be a pride of manly courage and fearlessness. They began to think, and to cast their minds afar, and to have dreams of glory. The cruelties and sufferings let loose by strife, did their work on the unfolding mind. There was the dormant form of sympathy, of love, of right from the first. The cries of the tortured, of the robbed, quickened the germs to sprout; and then rose to block and check the unbridled fury of brute selfishness the increasing human virtues. They first budded in the family. Then sympathy, love (or loyalty) and right became tribal. The waste and ravages of war, the increase of population and necessities, the upspringing of art and the desire of happiness, began to curb human passion, to set limits to selfishness, to foster the love of order and peace, and to organize large groups of men for mutual helpfulness and protection.

By this road, society has come down from the arboreal life, literally a way of blood. The mind has steadily risen from the point of no-virtue at the outset to high virtue, from the fury of wild impulse to the poise of reason, from the tyranny of animal desire to the freedom and outlook of philosophy, from the right of might to the light of right, from selfishness to self-denial, from advantageous cunning to beneficent providence, from the sting of ill-will to the sweetness of good-will, from jungle to luxurious city, from hunting animals to industrious, money-making, empire-creating, wisdom-seeking, home-loving, warm, inspiring manhood by the terrible instrumentality of warfare. By war, have the increasing ideals been set free in the brain, stage by stage, and society equipped with higher powers and riper intelligence for new attainments. The sword has cut the thongs of the arboreal brute-soul which bound the swelling, immortal human spirit.

By this survey, though you have not perceived whither you were going, I have taken you into the very heart of a great problem, the ethics of industry.

Questions of industry are superseding questions of politics in public interest. National boundaries and state policies are not the burning, masterful problems they once were, while problems of finance and trade, of production and distribution have advanced to the significance of pressing and dangerous social issues.

Erroneous judgments founded on mis-interpretations of social laws, serve but to make the questions more impenetrable, not to solve them.

In the phenomena of industry the fundamental fact, the key to the situation is, that we are dealing with the same laws which have been at the bottom of the world's long political struggle and development, that the same characteristics are to be met with in the industrial struggle as in

the political, and that the same work of destiny is being accomplished.

Let us not deceive ourselves! For a century and more we have been seeing unmistakable signs of the slow decadence of military warfare. There is a popular recoil from the shedding of blood. Diplomacy hesitates to try issues on the battle field, and arbitration is growing in favor. The powerful commercial spirit has bound the nations together with interests which are more valuable to mankind than the quarrels of cabinets, and it hates the aggressiveness of the military spirit and breaks its sword. For a decade all Europe has been ready for war and has delayed in consequence of the universal dread of it. The moralists take courage by these signs and predict the extinction of war at no distant day among civilized nations.

As of military warfare the prognostication is undoubtedly warrantable, but the moralists should be able to see that the signs by no means indicate the end of war. The peace and good order and justice, the end of violence and wrong and suffering, the universal contentment and happiness for which they hope, are still far beyond the horizon of human vision.

War is being transferred in consequence of the higher intellectuality reached by society, from military and political, to industrial and social relations. It is not a figure of speech. It is war, severe and terrible; war in its old character and purpose; war, prosecuting its mission by the same stern laws that have made it a scourge, and serving the same end of developing human intelligence and putting strength into human virtues. It is man the fighter, fighting still; and by fighting to make his way to a loftier attitude of civilization.

Hence it is, that industry exhibits all the features of war. The ethics of industry are the ethics of war. Moralists are finding in this field the same problem which they found on the battle-field. Immorality pervades the structure of universal industry. Immoral motives actuate men in the pursuit of riches; immoral means they employ, immoral results their riches bring to society. Industry lets loose the worst passions of men. It creates colossal iniquities. It lifts the unscrupulous to positions from which they rob and oppress, and occasion keenest human suffering. The wars of Frederic the Great entailed vast social distress, and so do the wars of the great industrial barons of Prussia. The social situation is not changed by a change of the field of battle. Said Wm. Ellery Channing, "Since the pacification of Europe in 1816 a new impulse has been given to industry. The discoveries of science have been applied with wonderful success to the industrial arts. Nations have been in earnest to develop their resources. Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles. As a necessary result of this new impulse, commerce has been wonderfully enlarged. Nations send the products of their soil and machinery where they once sent armies; and such a web of common interests has been woven that hostilities can spring up in no corner of the civilized world without deranging, in a measure, the order and industry of every other state. Undoubtedly we have here a promise of peace; but let us not be too sanguine. We have just begun this career and we know not its end. Let wealth grow without a corresponding growth of the temperate, just and benevolent spirit of Christianity, and I see few auguries but of evil. Wealth breeds power, and power always tempts to wrong. Communities which at once grow rich and licentious, breed desperate men, unprincipled adventurers, restless spirits, who unsettle social order. . . . Another consequence of growing prosperity is the rapid growth of population, and this in the absence of Christian restraints and Christian principles tends to pauperism and crime, tends to make men cheap, and destroy the sacredness of human life. . . . The vices which fester in the bosom of a prosperous, licentious, overpeopled state are hardly less fearful than those of war. . . . Let us not speak of industry, commerce and wealth as insuring peace! Is commerce never jealous and grasping? . . . Does trade cherish nothing analogous to the spirit of war in ordinary pursuits? Is there no fighting on the exchange? Is bargaining nothing but friendship and peace? Why, then, expect from trade alone, peace among nations? . . . It is the fashion now to trust for every good to commerce, industry, and their wonderful inventions which promise indefinite increase of wealth. But to improve man's outward condition is not to improve man himself. With all our ingenuity we can frame no machinery for manufacturing wisdom, virtue and peace. Railroads and steamboats can not speed the soul to its perfection." Fifty years ago these words were uttered, and a more faithful picture of affairs to-day could hardly be sketched. Not in the least does war abate its activity, its severity, its high-handed, immoral measures. Nations are less disposed to bombard each other's coasts, but their merchant ships prosecute a more deadly warfare. International commerce is incessant attack and defense, capture and reprisal. Laws of trade respect, not honor, respect not even a flag of truce. Corporations are foes, armed to the teeth, watching each other, maneuvering for strategic positions on the field, or locked in the shock of battle. Industries are armies, under army discipline, commanded by autocratic captains. Th[illegible] laborers have a soldier's freedom and a soldier's fate. The exigencies of industrial war force the social humanities to the rear. The virtues and the graces of tenderness are not the stuff that industrial fighters can use. There must be daring and skillful generalship at the head. Virtues are approved but they are unimportant in battle. The industrial general may be a very Duke of Alva, but if he wins Philip victories his cruelties are condoned. The exigencies of industrial war force the moral code into abeyance. The boys and girls are taught in the Sunday-school the precepts not to lie, not to steal, not to bear false witness, to do unto others as they would be done by; but what boots the lesson when as they get out into the strife they find a code of war which they must follow or be driven from the field in humiliation and ruin. In the early winter, (so runs the story as I recall it from memory) a man at work on the shore of a lake in Maine, heard the baying of a hound in the woods hard by. In a short time a fox appeared in the field, ran out upon the frozen lake to a hole in the ice, carefully turned back on his tracks and secreted himself in a thicket. The dog soon came in sight, hotly pursuing; his nose to the snow, his attention abstracted from everything but the fatal scent, he rushed upon the ice, heedless of the hole, and plunged in, never more to trouble the foxes. That fox did his duty to himself in a state of war. He proved himself a strategist, competent for generalship or for membership on the Chicago Board of Trade. He broke the moral code and deceived the hound right cruelly, but he had to break the code to save his life. It is an example that fits into the industrial warfare. Business men understand the sanctity of ethics as well as others; they respect ethics; many, very many of them realize keenly the terrible waste of power and waste of character which the ravages of struggle make, and would be glad if the standards of truthfulness and equity and probity were elevated to imperial authority throughout the industrial realm. But their vocation, without asking their behest, is war. The rivalries of trade are not friendly rivalries. They are hostiles, manned against each other in deadly menace. Deception and treachery and strategy are everywhere laws of the fierce game. When the dogs of war are on him, a man must save himself, or not be saved, by the morality of the fox.

The ethics of industry are low; the wonder is they are no lower. When it is remembered what vast opportunities of power are open, that the greedy and the cruel, as well as the generous and the upright, those who have keen moral sensibility and those who have had no moral education and have but a vestige of moral sense in their fiber, are free to enter the struggle; that the opportunities fall to the strongest and the most skillful, and that the most unscrupulous and immoral hold places of power in the industrial realm and its subservient tool the political machine, it is easy to see why morals are low. Industry can not escape the vicious influence of the base elements commingling in its colossal activities. The outcry of the moralists is justified. There are crimes to be charged to industry as to war. Does war hive its prisoners in execrable Andersonvilles and Libby prisons, to famish and be physically shattered for life? Industry, in a thousand unwholesome factories and tenements, hives men and women and children, to famish and lose all joy of body and soul. Does war enslave? Industry has its slaves. Does war pillage and waste? Industry wastes and pillages. Does war deaden the h[illegible]ane sentim[illegible] harden the [illegible]nts and [illegible] heal? So does industry; and throughout society are unheeded and unredressed wrongs and heartaches that cry to heaven and are not answered, and lives that are dragged through the wallow of never-ending humiliation and pain.

But ethics are low for the reason that the intellectuality of society is not capable of a humane, of a nobly ethical industry. Industry is fitted to its present function as the instrument to broaden the intelligence and deepen the character of mankind. The work is going on under our very eyes, if we will see it. A more important result than the accumulation of riches and luxuries is being accomplished by the intense and fertile thinking which industrial warfare necessitates. The universal intelligence of the people is being lifted and widened. Broader reaches of life are rising into view. Science is finding the mind a more ready and more competent auditor. The people are coming to feel the authority and glory of reason. The fierce war of the factory and the exchange is bringing a light to the understanding which could come in no other way but by its goadings and stern severities. In the light, noblest human virtues are looming up. Proud wrath against venality, rapacity, injustice, is daily waxing in strength. Upon enlightened men and women the noble destiny of man is growing; and educated and spurred by the terrors of the struggle, they are laying hold of the virtues and framing them into the commanding human character of a better time. Industry begins to feel the curbing touch of a mightier moral energy springing out of its dissensions and strifes.

Two powerful ethical ideals are emerging into form in the social brain by the skillful and rigorous hand of modern industry, and they are the consummation of the struggle of existence which has been raging in the human world since it separated from the pristine arboreal life.

One is that wealth is nothing but a tool, a machine, as much so as is a turning lathe or a locomotive; and that its sole function in which its value and substance are exhausted, is to provide subsistence for mankind. This includes provision for all human wants, wants of mind as well as of body. The function of wealth is to develop and secure to society the amplest means for the promotion of the culture of all the people. This ideal is taking shape by the manipulation of the forces of social struggle.

Wealth as booty of which the victor may lawfully despoil the vanquished on the battle-field, or wealth as the prize awarded the pursuit of indefatigable self-interest, is seen to be a low economic principle, the ideal of a low intellectuality. It is quite as rational for a man to look upon the steel pen he uses as a reward of his industrial talent as to look upon his bank stock in that light. It is a vicious economic principle. To it must be attributed a large measure of the vast waste of resources and of the misdirected finances of the industrial regime. It is coming to be seen that wastefulness of resources in view of the multiplying necessities of society is criminal, and that wealth as the indispensable tool of social progress must be maintained at its highest working efficiency; this is the coming ideal. It will sometime prevail with the omnipotence of public opinion. Public opinion is forming in the bedlam of trade, and one day it will be master. The pursuit of riches as booty it will expel from industry as vulgar and anti-economic. Bankers and traders and manufacturers and corporations will feel the august sanctity of wealth as the world-sustaining providence, and all human [illegible]nergy will be expended in skill and [illegible] loyally supporting human comfort and human culture.

The other ethical ideal which is shaping in the social brain is that the pursuit of wealth is a humane art, as is the art of painting, of poetry, of medicine. The man is coming, surely coming, who will bring to the pursuit of riches the same high principles as inspire the true physician and the true artist. Already the struggle of existence has set this standard up in all vocations which directly touch human welfare, where it is growing in power and ever making them more humane. Public opinion inflexibly insists that the physician pursue his art for the nobility of it, and by it to ennoble humanity. It makes the same requirement of the preacher, of the teacher, of the novelist, of the artist, of the scientist. It is because this public opinion is a power to inspire and a terror to be feared that the humane arts are steadily rising in ethical vigor and æsthetic grace and intellectual strength. Public opinion is making which will elevate the pursuit of riches to a humane art, and set up in it the same standard as is ennobling the other vocations. Public opinion will some day expel the ethics of the fox from industry, and degrade unscrupulous talent from the seat of power, and stand as a terror to human cruelty and rapacity, and as an inspiration to humane and high-minded genius. The man is coming whose zeal for the advancement of human culture will be commensurate with his business life, who will abhor corrupt practices because of their vulgarity, their wastefulness of the necessary subsistence of society, their degrading influence upon the relations of men to each other; who with the artist's passion will put his powerful business-brain to the task of making the factory in its daily run, the railroad on its daily journey, trade in its daily service, minister to the health

of human bodies, to the good cheer of human spirits, to the husbanding and distributing daily among mankind the incentives and means and opportunities of culture, I read an impetuous sermon preached a while ago by a minister in Minneapolis to wealthy people, roundly denouncing them because of their niggardliness in giving to missions and other philanthropies. It was published far and near as a thunderbolt which went to the root of the matter. But I protest it did not go to the root of the matter. Nay, I doubt if it did not explode in the air and merely shake the top of the trees with noise. The root of the social question is not to be reached through mission treasuries, while the business world is in a state of war, and all the ravages and wrathfulness and rapacities and cruelties and immoralities of war are being perpetrated unhindered. The coming man will find the root, when, with the artist's passion and genius he makes his daily pursuit of riches a daily creation of beauty and sweetness in human life; and by means of his growing fortune the happiness and peace of society daily increase.

Notes from the Field.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Treasurer has to report the following receipts on

CURRENT EXPENSES.

Previously reported	$598 00
Unity Church St. Paul, Minn	40 00
Unitarian Society, Warren, Ill	4 70
" " Menomonie, Wis	10 00
" " Cherokee, Iowa	5 00
Church of the Unity, St. Louis	100 00
	$757 70

We hope we will be able to report additional receipts in UNITY each week till Conference convenes.

W. W. U. C.—The Moline Religious Council just ended has lived up to the other two held at Janesville, Wis., and Sherwood, Mich. That is enough praise, we think, to bestow. Mr. Blake's opening sermon on Natural Religion was a gem. Mr. Hunting's paper on Industrial Atonement had for its central idea the thought that in profit-sharing lay the salvation of the laboring classes and the solution of the labor problem. Mr. Grumbine and Mr. Duncan filled the afternoon of Wednesday to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Duncan's detailed account of various missionary work in Illinois was deeply interesting. The platform meeting of the evening was especially good. Mr. Harvey, of Des Moines, reached us for the evening meeting and gave the first paper of Thursday morning on The Missionary Spirit followed by the reading of Mrs. Wilkinson's paper on Household Economics by Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones. Unitarian Reminiscences by Mrs. Jones was full of happy hits on the older ministers in the Western Conference. The President of the Woman's Conference concluded the programme by speaking her word for this organization which was responded to with tangible results by both the Moline *men* and women.

Besides those already mentioned as on the programme, we had with us Father Covell who led the devotional meeting of Wednesday with his usual sweet spirit and brought a benediction with his presence. Rev. M. J. Miller, Mr. Judy, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Chapin and others, all helping by their word and presence to make the meeting valuable.

A goodly number of towns and cities sent representatives to the Council. Iowa was most helpful with friends from Davenport, Des Moines and Algona. Illinois brought cheer and encouragement from Sheffield, Quincy, Osborn, Delevan, Buda, Mineral, Geneseo, Rock Island, Princeton and Chicago. Princeton friends were specially interested in studying the architecture of the Moline church as a possible model of things not only "hoped for" but *sure* to be, before long in Princeton. Moline friends entertained the visiting delegates right royally. On Thursday evening they spread a banquet in their pretty homelike church—welcoming and speeding the parting guests with words of wit, wisdom and fellowship that made us hope to go again. Mr. Wawr, the toast master of the occasion, presided in a most delightful manner.

More than ever we believe in Religious Councils. Miss Hultin has a parish to be proud of, and a sympathetic support that can not fail to make her pastorate there rich in results.

M. H. PERKINS, *Sec.*

Chicago.—The visit of Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, to our city, extending from the 21st to the 31st, has given much pleasure to his large circle of friends. The main object of Mr. Mead's visit was to arrange for the forthcoming Chicago number of the *New England Magazine*, a publication that under his vigilant oversight grows in strength and interest every month. Advantage was taken of Mr. Mead's presence in the city to secure a few lectures from him. Sunday morning he occupied the pulpit of All Souls Church, speaking on "The Religious Revolution." Tuesday afternoon he gave his lecture on "Washington's Relation to the Great West," before the Fortnightly. He also assisted Mr. L. J. F. Lincoln in the last of the "Uncut Leaves" entertainments; reading extracts from his paper on Joshua Davidson. Mr. Mead is always a welcome visitor among us. His familiarity with early Colonial history and devotion to the cause of intelligent patriotism should make him an eagerly-sought adjunct of help among the World's Fair people. We wish very much a course of lectures on this topic from this source might be arranged for within the coming year.

—Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah, has introduced an innovation in Sunday-school methods which must command attention. Instead of the usual lessons, he has a complete Children's Service, with sermon included, though the latter is relieved, to the youthful fancy, of half the terrors of that name, by being in reality a short, informal talk on some practical topic the young mind can readily seize and enjoy, such as "Playing Fair," "Good Temper," etc. We shall watch the course of Mr. Fenn's experiment with interest.

—The ninth Year-Book of All Souls' is just out from the press, numbering 120 pages, and containing complete reports of the work of the church in its various departments for the past year. The prefatory note states that a little over one-third of the gross income of the church has been expended for missionary and educational purposes.

—Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones is carrying Mrs. Wilkinson's gospel of "Household Economics," previously read at the "Council," to the friends at Davenport and Geneseo. It is hoped that this introduction may bring to these women a desire to organize and cooperate with the Columbian Association of Housekeepers, which is one of the Women's Branches of the World's Fair, in its attempt to elevate home-keeping into a science. This organization is trying to wrestle with the problems of domestic service, healthful food and correct sanitation. Surely a work that will command great wisdom and untiring energy, and one that appeals [illegible] women.

—The meeting of the Branch of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference will be held at All Souls Church April 7. Subject for the day, "Theodore Parker and his Time."

Boston.—Rev. Dr. J. L. Cordner, Rev. Dr. J. H. Morrison and Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale are the three veteran ministers now to be seen about the A. U. A. rooms.

—Dr. Hale gives a weekly entertainment in his vestry and aids financially his ladies' charity by reading some of his original stories which have so long been popular.

—"Lotze's contribution to American thought" is the next topic to be discussed in the Ministerial Union.

—"Religion and Superstition" will be discussed by the Middlesex county ministers (suburb).

—Seventy copies of "Songs of the Unity," a good old church hymn book with some tunes will be given to an applicant by W. H. Baldwin, 48 Boylston St., Boston.

—Rev. M. J. Savage lately made a Sunday collection for the church in Olympia, Wash.

—The "Industrial Week" method of Mission Church is the new form of work of the "Benevolent Fraternity" in this city. Sermon and schools are maintained on Sunday while singing school, stereopticon shows, lectures, gymnasium and cheerfulness generally are the week-day order of education.

—Morgan Chapel, Boston, managed jointly by provision of will of late Rev. E. M. Morgan, with Unitarian and Methodist oversight, gives a Sunday breakfast to two hundred men and boys and thus secures a crowded audience in its religious services and its Sunday-school class lessons.

—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will lecture on Sunday evening in the popular vesper course with a topic "The young woman's ideal."

St. Anthony Park, Minn.—Our church is certainly a success in every way. We have taken your advice and have kept out of debt. The influence of our movement in this community is quite marvelous, and the result of organization has certainly been very gratifying to all interested in the way of actually making better men and women of its members—the growth of character is manifest; it is in the air. Our Sunday school has an enrollment of 52; average attendance 40. It is composed mostly of children under nine years old, and as a success it beats anything in this place. I have undertaken to conduct one class—girls and boys 14 to 18—and we have taken up your little leaflet "The Seven Great Teachers of the World." We are now engaged on Zoroastrianism, and the authorities used number about twenty works, including Haug's Essays, Johnson's Persia, Karaka's History of the Parsis and all the standards. It is our purpose to exhaust the subject, comparatively speaking. The result of our inquiry is gradually making Zoroastrians out of us as well as Christians. The rest of the school are following the Six Years' Course. I would like to tell you about the work being done in our various sections—I am sure it would surprise you in an organization so young as ours. But I refrain for lack of space. Yours very sincerely,

F. L. MOFFATT.

Michigan Conference:—This organization is to hold its Spring session at Sturgis, Mich., April 8, 9 and 10. Rev. C. J. Bartlett, of Kalamazoo, gives the opening paper telling of her experiences with the Salvation Army in London. Rev. H. T. Root, W. D. Simonds, L. R. Daniels, Mila F. Tupper and J. T. Sunderland are to take part in the exercises. The laity is represented on the programme by Mrs. Turner of Grand Rapids, who reads an essay on Evolution, and by Mrs. Smith of the same place who presents the subject of mid-week religious meetings. Miss Tupper gives the Conference sermon. The Conference holds over Sunday, when Rev. T. B. Forbush preaches morning and evening on "The Larger Easter" and "The Three Christianities."

Wichita, Kans.—The Missouri Valley Conference will be held in Wichita, Kansas, on the 25th and 26th of April next. "We hope to have with us all of the friends who feel an interest in our cause in the Southwest, and we extend a cordial invitation to all of them to meet with us and take part in our Conference. We think they can do us good, and that we can do them good by our meeting. Faithfully yours,

R. A. SANKEY."

Humboldt.—We clip the following from the *Independent*: "A gentleman who has for several years been a trustee of a Congregational Church in a neighboring town, wrote as follows to a Humboldt friend last week: 'I herewith inclose draft for five dollars and a list of one hundred names and addresses, to which I desire to have sent the sermon of Rev. T. P. Byrnes of February 7th, on Why I am a Unitarian.'"

Oakland, Cal.—DEAR UNITY:—I like the idea of the National Conference at Chicago in September, 1893, very much. I am to be in England from May to August this summer (leave here after Easter) and if I can advance this interest *there*, will be glad to do so.

C. W. WENDTE.

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The New World will be under the charge of an Editorial Board, consisting of Professors Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy of Harvard University; President Orello Cone of Buchtel College, and Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilman (the managing editor, to be addressed at No. 25 Beacon St., Boston). It will discuss the great problems of Religion, Ethics, and Theology in a liberal and progressive spirit. The co-operation has been secured of numerous eminent students of theology, and exponents of religion, at home and abroad; and the new quarterly will be open to able and constructive thinkers, without regard to sectarian lines. The New World which its editors have in mind is that which is developing under the light of modern science, philosophy, criticism, and philanthropy,—all of which, rightly viewed, are the friends and helpers of enduring religious faith. To positive and constructive statements of such an order of things, as distinguished from the old world of sectarianism, obscurantism, and dogmatism, *The New World* is pledged.

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Thurs.—Motive is a source of motion.

Fri.—Work is the means of living, but it is not living.

Sat.—All the facts and all the phenomena of human civilization are born of the power of self-help.

—*J. G. Holland.*

The Two Lights.

When the little children wake,
  Bright the sun is shining;
Sunlight bids them for joy's sake
  "Work and play—no whining!"
He will help them with his light
Work and play to do aright:
When the little children wake,
Sunlight floods the way they take.

When the little children sleep,
  Bright the stars are shining;
Starlight bids them slumber deep,
  All the darkness lining
With a light that's soft and best
For the tired world's peaceful rest:
When the little children sleep,
Stars will faithful night-watch keep.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Legend of the Trailing Arbutus.

At a meeting of the American Folklore Society, held recently in Washington, D. C., the Indian legend of the trailing arbutus was thus beautifully told in a paper prepared by Representative C. E. Belknap, of Michigan, and read, in his absence, by Dr. Bolton:

On the south shore of Lake Superior, in the vicinity of the Pictured Rock, grows to perfection that dearest and sweetest of all wild flowers, the arbutus, the plant that the most skillful florist, the plant that the tender, loving touch of woman, even, can not cause to grow in hothouse or garden.

From time to time, while sitting by the camp-fires in the evening, I have been told of the creation of many animals and birds by the great Mannaboosho and his captains the Manitos. And this is the legend as told me, of the origin or creation of the arbutus:

It was many, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge, beside a frozen stream in the forest; his locks and beard were long and white with age. He was heavily clad in fine furs, for all the world was winter; snow, and ice everywhere, the winds went wild through the forests, searching every bush and tree for birds to chill, chasing evil spirits o'er hill and vale, and the old man went about searching in deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge. In despair he returned to his lodge, and sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Mannaboosho that he might not perish. And the winds blew aside the door of the lodge and there came in a most beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red and made of wild roses; her eyes were large and glowed like the eyes of fawns at night; her hair was long and black as the raven's, and it touched the ground as she walked; her hands were covered with willow-buds; her bonnet was a wreath of wild flowers, and her clothing of sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white lilies, and when she breathed the air of the lodge it became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you; my lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest of the night; do tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come, sit here and tell me of thy country and victories, and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am Manito." He then filled two pipes with tobacco, that they might smoke as they talked, and when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue he said:

"I am Manito. I blow my breath, and the waters of the river stand still."

The maiden said:

"I breathe, and flowers spring up on all the plains."

The old man said:

"I shake my locks, and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

The old man said:

"When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees; at my command the animals hide in their holes in the ground, and the birds get up out of the water and fly away."

The maiden said:

"When I walk about, the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing. Music is everywhere."

And thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept. Then the sun came back, and a bluebird came to the top of the lodge and called: "Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty;" and the river called back: "I am free; come and drink."

And as the old man slept, the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small; streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground, and his clothing turned to green leaves; and then the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious white flowers, and hid them all about under the leaves; then she breathed upon them and said, "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee shall do so upon bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away, through the woods and over the plains, and all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.—*The Methodist Recorder.*

Professional Estimate.

A young mother asks the butcher to weigh the baby. "With pleasure, madam!" After having examined the scales, "Ah! thirteen and a half pounds, madam, with the bones."—*The Rural New Yorker.*

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Publisher's Notes.

Last week we published in this column a number of interesting notices, from various sources, of "The Faith that Makes Faithful." A few notices were crowded out for lack of room and we give them below.

From the Chicago *Tribune:* "The volume has in it much power and spiritual force. 'Blessed be Drudgery' is the name of the first essay—a name that arouses the mind with a mingled sense of interest and protest. Mr. Gannett stands well by his text, and brings home to the reader a conviction that, after all, the tiresome and hateful round of daily drudgery is the spring of all really excellent performance in this world. The whole book is stimulating and suggestive toward all good ends and aims, and it will be warmly treasured by many earnest souls."

From the *Book Shelf*, Cedar Rapids, Iowa: "For the quiet hours there are many beautiful and helpful things in this little vellum-covered volume. If one be tired of his life and its work, he can not do better than to get away from his imaginary self for awhile and see himself as he is, in the first of these sketches: not a drudge, but a subject of culture through work. Its title is: 'Blessed be Drudgery.' Not very inviting, I admit, but full of a truth, rarely discovered. The immortal Lobingier saw it, and sang of it in his already famous poem, 'Knight of the Highest Good.' The most striking of the sketches is 'The Seamless Robe,' by Mr. Jones. There are some inconsistencies in the book, a kind of half-skepticism here and there, for which the authors apologize almost as quickly as it is uttered. A discriminating reader will find very much in it to please and cheer him."

From the *Herald of Gospel Liberty* (Christian): "Eight very helpful essays by two very distinguished and charming writers. One can hardly read these essays without thinking better of life and without being better in life. These are two grand ends, and may be attained with very little outlay by all."

From the *Toronto Week:* "They are bright and sensible, kind and practical discourses, making little pretension, but bringing much benefit,—pleasant as well as profitable reading."

From the *Christian Register:* "It is broad, deep, ringing gospel that is preached in these discourses. We look in vain for the old type of exegetical exposition. There is freshness, freedom, originality of conception, and individual power of statement. But it is not their literary form, but their spiritual power, which most impresses the reader. They glow with prophetic fire. These sermons have a direct and important relation to life. They nourish and they kindle. They are saturated with faith in God and a not less vigorous faith in humanity. This is a book not to be put upon the shelf, but to be kept on the table near at hand, for the strength and inspiration it may give for the daily tasks of life."

From the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:* "The blessings of drudgery, faithfulness, tenderness and charity are taught in a series of homilies illustrated by instances from every-day life. "Wrestling and Blessing" is a sermon of universal meaning, dealing, as it does, with the difficulties of life, with inherited burdens of temperament and failures. Fox, the English orator, declared: "Show me a young man who has *not* succeeded at first and has *yet gone on*, and I will back him." Many a lesson of encouragement to disheartened souls is found in this little book. The style is modeled upon Emerson's prose; the thoughts are those of a humanitarian with a high standard. The precepts commend themselves alike to the followers of all religious sects; they embody the practical workings of applied morals."

From *The Union Signal:* "This little book has long been an inspiration and comfort to us; we are therefore glad to note a new edition by the publishers, Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. One day, long ago, when quite crushed by the burden of what seemed only drudgery, a friend placed this book in my hand. The title of its opening chapter, "Blessed be Drudgery," aroused me to mentally combat the assertion, but reading the chapter convinced me of its truth, and brought me to thank God for drudgery. And so the other chapters making up the book, "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction," each has its message for tired hearts and struggling souls.

The moral of all these notices taken together is sufficiently obvious. It is: Send by mail fifty cents for a paper copy or one dollar for a cloth copy of "The Faith that Makes Faithful" to Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, and receive the book by return mail.

"Blessed be Drudgery," the first sermon in the book above mentioned, is now published in a neat pamphlet of thirty-two pages with white cover stitched with silk, and is mailed for ten cents a copy, or one dollar a dozen.

"The Sparrow's Fall" is the title of a sermon by W. C. Gannett, not included in the book. It is published in a little white covered pamphlet, uniform in size of page with "The Faith that Makes Faithful," and to promote its use for missionary purposes, the price has been put at sixty cents a hundred. If expressage is to be prepaid, twenty-five cents a hundred should be added. A single copy will be mailed for two cents, or ten copies for ten cents.

The treasurer of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society lately sent a circular letter to most of UNITY'S subscribers, soliciting annual memberships for the Society at a dollar, and offering to send any of Charles H. Kerr & Co.'s publications to the amount of one dollar with each membership. The responses to this circular have been generous and encouraging, but more are still needed to enable the Society to make a creditable financial showing at the time of the anniversaries. The offer will, therefore, be kept open until May 10. Catalogues will be sent free to any address on application. The work of this Society in promoting the teaching of rational religion to the young is of the utmost importance. A prosperous Sunday School Society this year means a prosperous Western Conference twenty years from now. If the amount asked for seems too small to be of consequence, remember that the Society is also glad to receive life memberships at ten dollars each.

Most of the slightly damaged copies of books which have been advertised in previous issues of UNITY are already sold, but we have still a few copies of the following books, somewhat soiled as to cover, but otherwise in good condition, which we can send, postpa[illegible] receipt o[illegible] dicated: "The Genius of Galilee," by Anson Uriel Hancock, 25c; "John Auburntop, Novelist," by the same author, 25c; "St. Solifer with Other Worthies and Unworthies," by James Vila Blake, 25c; "The Auroraphone," a romance by Cyrus Cole, 25c; "Religion and Science as Allies," by James T. Bixby, Ph. D., 25c; "Circumstances beyond Control, or A Hopeless Case," a novel by Luther H. Bickford, 15c. We have also a few copies in good condition of "The God of Civilization," a romance, by Mrs. M. A. Pittock, which we will mail for 10c each to close them out, the regular price being 25c.

We have given up bookselling outside our own publications, and those of George H. Ellis for which we are western agents, but we shall make one exception: in favor of "Roger Hunt," Mrs. Woolley's new book. So many of UNITY'S readers will want this that we have ordered a supply; and will send a copy prepaid to any address on receipt of $1.25.

The safest and most convenient form of remittance is the money order issued by the leading express companies. This order is issued with a marginal receipt for the remitter to keep, which shows the exact date and amount of the remittance and enables the order to be re-issued without difficulty in case of the letter being lost. Postal notes are no safer than currency and should not be sent if any other form of remittance is possible. Address

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